CJR.21.g.13/77

SONNET

FOR THE

FAST-DAY.

TO SANCHO'S FAVOURITE TUNE

BY ONE OF THE SWINISH MULTITUDE.

GOD ſave great Thomas Paine,
His Rights of Man explain,
To ev'ry ſoul.
He makes the blind to ſee
What dupes and ſlaves they be,
And points out LIBERTY
From pole to pole.

Thouſands cry "CHURCH and KING,
That well deſerve to ſwing,
All muſt allow;
BIRMINGHAM, bluſh for ſhame,
MANCHESTER, do the ſame,
Infamous is your name,
Patriots vow.

Pull proud Oppreſſors down,
Knock off each Tyrant's crown,
And break his ſword,
Down ARISTOCRACY,
Set up DEMOCRACY,
And from Hypocriſy,
Save us good Lord.

Why ſhould deſpotic pride,
Uſurp on ev'ry ſide?
Let us be FREE,
Grant FREEDOM's arms ſucceſs,
And all HER efforts bleſs,
Plant thro' the Univerſe
LIBERTY'S TREE.

Facts are *ſeditious* things
When they touch COURTS and KINGS;
Armies are raiſ'd;
Barracks and Baſtiles built,
Innocence charg'd with guilt,
Blood moſt unjuſtly ſpilt,
Gods ſtand amaz'd!

Deſpots may howl and yell,
Tho' they're in league with hell,
They'll not reign long,
Satan may lead the van,
And do the worſt he can.
Paine and his Rights of Man,
Shall be my ſong.